

OBSEQUIES
OF
COL. JOHN J. HARDIN,
AT
JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS,
JULY 14, 1847.

REVISED

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Reception and Burial of the Remains of Col. John J. Hardin.



There are some events, which form an era of sad and imposing interest in the remembrances of men ; and which break in but seldom upon the quiet routine of social life. Of this character, in an eminent degree, was the mournful pageant which consigned to its repose the mangled form of the noble and lamented HARDIN. In its impression upon the deeper feelings of this community, this event stands in lone and melancholy pre-eminence ; a centre of strange and tender reminiscences, around which the thoughts of hundreds will often cluster, and fondly linger in coming time. Never have we witnessed such an exhibition of the dissolving power of sympathy over the cold frost-work of human hearts, as was displayed during the funeral rites of this beloved man. It was the deep, spontaneous voice of man's better, purer nature ; hushing the wild tumult of life, bidding passion subside, disarming prejudice, mellowing every local and sectional asperity, and calling upon *all*, in tones of sweet and resistless eloquence, to lay aside the world, and forget the past, while the *heart* yields its homage and sheds its tear over the ashes of the loved and fallen.

On Friday afternoon, about six o'clock, the head of the procession, escorting the remains, was seen entering our village from the West, and as the long line of carriages and horsemen slowly deployed along the beautiful prairie that skirts the town, amid the solemn tolling of the bells and the roar of cannon, every place of business was closed, the noise of trade was stilled, and a feeling of undefinable woe and sorrow seemed to steal upon every countenance, and pervade the entire place. Immediately behind the hearse bearing the coffin, followed the noble war-horse of HARDIN, led by a trusty servant, who had followed him with unwavering fidelity and attachment, through all his varied and perilous career upon a foreign soil.

To us this was the most touching feature in all the scene of that day. It seemed to bring the subject right home to every

heart, and realize to us, as nothing did or could have done, the sad certainty of our loss. There, right before our eyes, saddled, bridled and caparisoned, was the noble animal upon which the bold Hardin had ridden for many a weary mile, over many a desert and dangerous waste.

“A steed comes at morning, no rider is there!”

No HARDIN was there! His strong hand grasped not those reins, his manly form, his proud, glorious smile greeted not the throng of his admiring friends. The sight was truly impressive and melancholy; it seemed to reach the heart, and whisper in the spirit's ear like those fond tokens of the past; those tear-moistened mementoes of deathless affection which summon back from the spirit-land in the vivid visions of a fervid fancy and a yearning love the remembered forms of the departed, only to start afresh from the eye those hot streams of anguish and deepen sorrow by the painful contrast. No one could look upon the faces of that multitude without feeling that *thought*, busy, agogizing thought, was brooding there, or perchance winging its course on the pinions of creative memory back to those days when the now sleeping hero, in the blush of glorious manhood, careered along flashing back upon the hearts of his countrymen the patriotic devotion, the martial enthusiasm, the high exaltation which kindled his own, rendering him the observed of observers and the pride of the proud.

Having arrived on the public square, the brave volunteers were welcomed home by Judge BROWN, in the very neat, feeling and pertinent address which follows:

Col. Weatherford, Officers and Soldiers,

To me has been assigned the agreeable duty of tendering to you the congratulations of the county. After an absence of twelve months, during which, with anxious interest, we have enquired after your health and your honor—we welcome you home. And in doing so, allow this county, through me, to say, that such has been the praiseworthy bearing of your regiment, that there is propriety in this public demonstration of gratitude and esteem.

In June 1846, promptly responding to the call of your country, you voluntarily relinquished the pursuits of peace and the endearments of home for the hardships and dangers of the camp. After a short time spent in drilling at Alton, you shipped for La-

vacca, Texas, en route for Chihuahua.—From this point you marched 200 miles to San Antonio, thence to Presidio, on the Rio Grande; thence 230 miles to Monclova, the Capital of Coahuila; thence 160 miles to Parras. Receiving intelligence at this point of an expected attack upon Gen Worth's division, your column marched for Saltillo, making the distance (100 miles) in three days and a half. On this march from Lavacca to Saltillo, 900 miles long, on a part of which route lay water, and on a part of which you suffered for water, the orderly deportment and patient endurance displayed by your regiment, and especially your rapid march to the Rio Grande, and from Parras to the field of expected conflict, won for you an enviable reputation. Up to this time, though distinguished for marching, and for discipline, you had no opportunity of facing the foe in battle. Such an occasion, anxiously desired by you, soon presented itself. Santa Anna approached and Gen. Taylor prepared to tender him a handsome reception, upon the beautiful grounds of Buena Vista. In the arrangement of the battle, Major Warren, in command of 4 companies of the 1st and 2nd Illinois Regiments, was ordered to maintain our important position at Saltillo, whilst the remainder of your regiment under Col. Hardin and Lieut. Col. Weatherford was stationed, so as to support Washington's battery, which was across the road on our extreme right, where the main attack was expected. This order evinced the high confidence, which the commanding General reposed in the discipline and valor of your corps. The plan of the battle arranged, about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 22d of February, as the enemy, 20,000 strong, was seen slowly advancing over the distant hills, every heart throbbed with anxiety to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the father of his country, by the signal defeat of that country's foe. Confident in his numbers, and the discipline of his army, the haughty Mexican chief, summoned your commander to surrender. But the brave old soldier never more "rough" than "ready," invited His Highness to come and take him. He comes; and after an exchange of salutation, night draws her sable curtains betwixt the opposing armies. At early dawn, the battle is renewed. Column after column advances upon our little army, not 5,000 strong, and as often recoils before the deadly fire which swept it down, as the storm sweeps from the forest the leaves of autumn. Now the enemy recedes and again advances

with such numbers, as would seem almost to overwhelm our brave volunteers, but they, to the cool determined bearing of the regular, added the impetuosity of the citizen soldier, and led by gallant officers maintained their position and drove back the foe. While these scenes were transpiring at Buena Vista, the command at Saltillo, under Major Warren, promptly repulsed 2,000 Mexican cavalry led by Minon, and proved itself every way worthy the important trust confided to its arms.

On that awful day, mounted upon his white charger, and reckless of personal danger, Gen. Taylor directed the battle, and in the hottest of the fight was seen the 1st Regiment of Illinois Volunteers. Well and bravely did officer and soldier carry himself on that ensanguined field, and bearing aloft the beautiful banners, received from the hands of your fair country-women, your soldier like conduct in the presence of death, and midst the bold and the brave, entwined a chaplet round the brow of the Illinois volunteers, which will wither never, never.

But the joy of victory is hushed, that we may mourn with you and with kindred and the nation, for the gallant dead; as well for those who, falling by accident, or disease, or the sword, sleep in the soldier's grave, far away in a foreign land, as for those officers, whose remains you have brought back, which with sorrow, you will commit to their last resting place. On that gory field fell Lieutenant Bryan R. Houghton of the county of Scott. His praise is exhibited in the freshness of his memory in the hearts of his comrades—of our own county men, Emerson and Connaught, privates—Capt. Jacob W. Zabriskie and Col. John J. Hardin perished in the conflict. Emerson and Connaught, (and Thornley, who has since died of wounds received in battle,) foreigners by birth but American in principle, manifested their attachment to their adopted country, by the sacrifice of their lives. To the company commanded by Capt. Zabriskie, an efficient, brave and lamented officer, we tender our sympathy. But in what terms shall I speak to the Regiment of its own admired and honored Colonel.

A little more than a year ago, standing where I now stand, the rapt crowd listened to his eloquent appeals, as he urged his countrymen to enter the public service. Col. Hardin was the first to volunteer under the call made upon our State, and he

only asked others to follow where he would lead. Under his command, you became disciplined soldiers, and after a long march he led you into battle, himself snatched your crimson banner from the foe, and in the very hour of victory, seven lancers pierced his breast and the chivalric Hardin slept on the field of glory. There stands his beautiful charger, but the spirit of the gallant rider, from that far distant field, sped its flight to climes more beautiful and bright. From the battle ground you have borne him to rest in the tomb of his family and friends. His deeds belong to history, his fame to the world.—Let us cherish his memory and imitate his virtues.

Soldiers, to you, in common with your comrades of the war, is due the gratitude of the nation. The promptness with which you entered the public service, your orderly deportment, your discipline, your cheerful endurance of severe privations, your lion-hearted courage on the day of battle, have illustrated American character and the genius of our institutions. You have demonstrated, that for defence or attack—we need not maintain large standing armies, and that in any emergency, the citizen soldier is an arm of the public service, upon which the Government may confidently rely.

Col. Weatherford, and Lieutenant Col. Warren;—The campaign is over, you have put off the harness of war, and with safety, we may speak of your conduct as officers. A good name has preceded your return.—The care with which you watched over your men and provided for their wants, the diligence with which you discharged the various duties devolved upon you, the ability with which you met the exigencies incident to the service—your desire to be in the foremost ranks of battle, entitle you to high praise. We tender to you our praise.

Soldiers;—Having marched and sailed over 5,000 miles—having braved the diseases of a foreign land with fortitude—having endured the hardships of the camp and the march with cheerfulness—having grappled the foe in bloody yet successful battle, you resume your position in society, and re-enter upon the duties of citizens. As you have demonstrated, that the citizen readily becomes a good soldier, be equally anxious to prove that the services of the camp give additional zest to the more quiet and pleasant employments of civil life, and time as it rolls on,

will bestow additional brightness upon the laurels which you have so gallantly *won*. During the campaign, the Illinois Regiments established the highest reputation. Of that reputation we are justly proud—and now upon your return we welcome you to the county—we welcome you to the loved scenes of the domestic circles, whence you went forth to battle for your country, and tender to you the hospitalities of a generous and grateful people.

Judge BROWN was followed by Lieut. Col. Warren in behalf of the 1st Regiment, who returned thanks in the following handsome speech, for the cordial and grateful welcome extended to himself and corps after the fatigues and dangers of the camp and field :

FELLOW CITIZENS:—In the name of the volunteers, permit me to thank you for the cordial greeting which you have given us on our return to our homes ; but more particularly do we thank you for that universal burst of feeling, towards the remains of him, whom we all love, and whose loss we all deplore ; of him who led us to the battle-field, but whose remains we were compelled to bring from that battle-field. My friends, his fame is now the history of our country—his memory is engraved upon the hearts of us all.

Fellow Citizens, twelve months since, responding to our country's call, we enrolled our names as citizen soldiers, and marched into a foreign land to defend and uphold our national honor ; we did not go as a band of hireling soldiery, but as citizens determined to sustain our free institutions, the institutions which were sealed with the blood of our Revolutionary fathers ; and to hand them down unsullied to future generations—how far, fellow citizens, we have fulfilled your own and our expectations, it is not for me to say.

We marched many weary miles, we endured some hardships, and we encountered some dangers ; but my friends, of whatever hardship endured or of danger encountered, either upon the march, the bivouac or the battle-field, all, all, has been amply repaid by the cordial reception we have received to-day. The highest reward, fellow citizens, which can be given to the citizen soldier, is the applause and confidence of his friends, and that reward you have this day paid to the uttermost farthing. Again my friends, permit me to thank you for your kindness.

The body of Col. HARDIN was then conveyed to the residence of his family where it remained until the following Wednesday, the day fixed for the burial.

Throughout the whole of Tuesday and Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, the people were entering the town in almost one continuous stream, from all directions. Actuated by a common sentiment of esteem for the dead, nearly every county and village in the State sent hither its swarm of delegates to participate in the mournful obsequies. Many members of the late Chicago Convention from New England and the South, taking Jacksonville on their route home, went many miles out of their course to be present on the occasion; while from Springfield nearly the whole Convention came down in a body, with many others, seeming almost to strip that city of its population. The concourse of strangers which had assembled by 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, is variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand. Every hotel and public house was filled to its utmost capacity, and nobly did our hospitable fellow citizens redeem their pledge to receive their assembling friends from abroad with open doors and welcome hearts. Citizen seemed to vie with citizen in seeing who should entertain the largest number of guests.—We heard of some families who accommodated no less than fifteen and even twenty. This is as it should be, and we are proud of our fellow-villagers who have thus manifested a liberal and generous spirit. There is nothing more cheering than to see men from every portion of our commonwealth meeting together on common ground, and mutually sharing those kindnesses which should ever flow from heart to heart throughout the whole brotherhood of man. It elevates and liberalizes the mind, and renders *iron* those generous bonds of society, upon which its well-being so largely depends.

About 10 o'clock, the various public bodies and citizens repaired to the residence of the deceased, and listened, beneath the ample shade of those noble trees, reared by the hand now still in death, to the thrilling and instructive oration by our esteemed and talented friend, RICHARD YATES, Esq., which we have the pleasure herewith to present to our readers :

Fellow Citizens, Officers and Soldiers :

When I look around upon the thousands of human beings here assembled, embracing the veteran soldier just returned

from the war, wearing as green laurels as ever brave soldier wore ; the statesman, who having adjourned his high and important deliberations of state, has travelled many miles from the metropolis to be present ; the citizens of every age, the old, the young, the middle aged and the beautiful ; and above all, when I consider the importance, variety and solemnity of the events to pass in review before us, and behold before me the remains of him dear to us by a thousand blessed memories ; and then reflect that it may be expected of me to say something not inappropriate to the occasion, I am oppressed with the weight of the duties which I have undertaken to perform.—And I would now, were it proper, retire and leave the time allotted to me to the graver words of him who shall follow me, or to your hearts to meditate in that expressive silence which is more eloquent than words, the praise of the great and pure name we celebrate.

For many years no sound of regular war had been heard within, or along the borders of our glorious union ; and we had witnessed the wonderful growth of our country in all the arts of peace, in the developement of her boundless resources, the inventions of genius, the triumphs of intellect, the promotion of education, the advancement of religion, the extension of commerce and the strength and power of her increasing millions of freemen. But war, however unwelcome, has come upon us. Our country has fought many battles, lost many precious lives, and gained many brilliant victories. And differ as men do and may, as to whether the war could have been avoided, there has been but one common, patriotic, national, American sentiment—an exulting pride in the brilliant results which have attended it, in the dauntless intrepidity and cool judgment which have sustained unsullied the arms of the country, and especially in the exalted humanity of our victorious soldiery. Men of every political party, have obeyed the summons to arms, have fought shoulder to shoulder and gloriously triumphed and gloriously fallen upon the same field. The war begun, armies in the field, the question then was, whether our country, glorious in all her past history,

“ Whose land from plain to mountain cave,
Was freedom's home or glory's grave,”

whether the banner of her free confederate States, should forever trail in defeat or be upborne in glorious triumph.

Be the opinions of men on the war what they may, surely none could fail to admire the exalted patriotism which induced our volunteers, at their country's call, to bid farewell to wife, children, friends and native land, to undergo long and fatiguing marches through swamp and chapparal, o'er the rocky heights of the Siera Madre, o'er wild and arid plains, distant from water and supplies, and beneath the scorching heat of southern summer suns; to endure privation, to encounter the disease of a strange climate, and to face death with dauntless courage at Cerro Gordo, and the ever memorable battle-ground of Buena Vista.

To Illinois in particular, has the meed of praise been accorded; the loud acclaim of every State and every press is heard in her behalf—the noblest congratulations in her successes; the deepest sympathy in her losses. The reports of officers, the laudations of all correspondents, the praise of all lips, accord to her brave officers and dauntless soldiery, much of the credit of the two leading victories of the war. Wherever in those two battles danger was most appalling, or glory was most dearly won, there, first and foremost, were to be found the brave volunteers of Illinois. The battle-ground of Cerro Gordo, the ever memorable field of Buena Vista shall, to the latest posterity, bear the imperishable record of their prowess. Our own brave Regiment, officers and soldiers, have more than fulfilled every expectation. Alike in the charges against the on-pressing legions of the foe under their lamented Colonel, and in the masterly and gallant defence of Saltillo by Lieut. Col. Warren, they have acquitted themselves with distinguished honor, received the unbounded encomiums of the officers and soldiers of the army, and the warmest accord of praise from their countrymen. And above all, would I not forget the last solemn act of that gallant regiment, which does honor to their heads and hearts, and which evinces their deep and strong attachment to him. Having nobly performed the stern duties of the soldier, they have also performed the more affecting duty of bringing back to his family and friends, and to the State where he was so much loved, the remains of our beloved HARDIN.

But ours, fellow citizens, is the solemn duty to consider our army not only radiant in the robes of victory, but clad in the ha-

biliments of mourning. The battle of Buena Vista is the Marathon of the war. It more than all others has caused the military enthusiasm of the nation to tower. And yet, who does not sympathise with Gen Taylor in his letter to Hon. Henry Clay, when he says, "And when I miss his familiar face, (Lieut. Col. Clay,) and those of Hardin and McKee, I feel no exultation in our success."

To us, my friends, this victory, however brilliant, is a sad defeat. To us the question comes at what cost? by whom was the battle fought? by whose valor the victory won? whose blood was shed? who held the post of danger? who led on the charge, and sustained the shock of the long line of Mexican forces? Ah! they were our own brave volunteers, our neighbors, husbands, brothers, sons. Many of their forms now lie silent and motionless in their last sleep. They fell in a strange land, far from kindred and home. There were no kind mothers, or sisters there—no wife to pillow their gallant heads in the repose of death, to catch the last sigh from their pale and fevered lips and to wipe the cold clammy sweat from the dying soldier's brow. And the dear ones behind. Ah! let us not intrude into that sacred scene of mourning—the deep felt sorrow of the wife, who shall never look on that loved one again—sacred be the tears of the bright-eyed boys and girls whose father's form now fills a soldier's grave in a foreign land.

Fellow citizens. When an individual, holding so high a place in the affections of our community, State and Nation, as that of Col. Hardin, is gone from our midst, it is proper to briefly review his life and character. The life of the deceased needs no embellishment of ancestral honors; for, however distinguished his fathers, it certainly was to the self-sustaining and vigorous energies of his own nature, that he owed his high distinction. And yet, so deeply interesting is the history of his fathers, and so strongly marked by their high qualities was his character, that a notice of them, did time permit, would not be inappropriate. He is the descendant of ancestors, noble, not in inherited wealth or honors conferred by birth, but of a race of strong minded, noble souled and iron hearted men. They were the early settlers of the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky.

His maternal grandfather, Col. Benj. Logan, established Logan's fort in 1775, in the wilderness of Kentucky. He was in

most of the Indian battles of that dark and trying period—was distinguished for numerous acts of dauntless heroism in rescuing captives from the Indians; in travelling through the enemy's country, along paths beset with danger, and through the untrodden forests for hundreds of miles, to obtain the means of supply and defence of his fort. One example out of numerous others, is selected from the page of history, displaying his chivalric courage and his exalted goodness of heart. The besieging savages had fired from an ambuscade on the men who were outside the fort, and killed one and wounded two, one mortally. When the fort was reached, it was discovered that one of the wounded men was alive on the field, and in great distress. Logan alive to his danger and the lamentations of his family, repeatedly tried to induce a company to go with him to the man's rescue, but in vain. He at length undertook the perilous task himself. He reached the spot, took the man in his arms and amidst a shower of bullets, which riddled his coat, his hat, and the gate through which he passed, carried the man into the fort to the great joy of his despairing family. An act of goodness and daring so exalted, though performed on a small scale, is entitled to an immortality, as bright as that which shall crown the brow of the conquerer at Cerro Gordo or at Monterey. Col. Logan was familiarly known among the Indians as the "Long Gun," which name was given him on account of the length of his gun and the precision with which he shot. He is represented as having understood Indian character better than all his cotemporaries. He held during his life, various public and important offices—was Magistrate, Legislator, Colonel, promoted to the rank of General, and was a member of both Conventions to revise the constitution of Kentucky. The Historian thus describes him: "A tall athletic, contemplative, well balanced, dignified figure, distinguished his personal appearance. He was taciturn, the statesman's eye with the warrior's brow was crowned in him, while a countenance, which evinced an unyielding fortitude, invited to a confidence which never betrayed."

The grandfather of the deceased on the paternal side, was Col. John Hardin. In 1774, at the age of 20 years, he acted as an ensign in the expedition of Gov. Dunmore of Virginia, and was severely wounded. In 1780 he settled in the wilderness of

Kentucky. The Historian says, that there was no expedition against the Indians that he was not in except that of General St. Clair's. He was a Colonel in the Ohio campaigns under Gens. Harrison and Winchester, and he commanded in person in many desperate and bloody battles. In 1792, he was selected by Gen. Wilkinson, on account of his great knowledge of Indian character, his firmness of purpose, and his fearlessness of danger, on a mission of peace to the Miami villages, in which he was killed. The Historian represents him as a man of unassuming manners, and great gentleness of deportment, yet, of strong intellect and singular firmness and inflexibility, as to matters of truth and justice ; as never avoiding the post of danger, and ever ready to serve his country. Col. Hardin and Col. Logan, both stamped their names upon the early history of Kentucky, and gave to that glorious commonwealth, much of the romantic interest which attached to her name, and which is the pride and glory of her sons to the present day.

Gen. Martin D. Hardin, the father of the deceased, was one of the most distinguished lawyers of the Kentucky bar, and was universally respected for the incorruptible integrity and manly virtues of his character. He was Colonel in the Militia in the last war, and acted as one of the aids of Gov. Shelby in his Northern campaigns. In 1812, he was appointed by Gov. Shelby, his Secretary of State, which post he held during his administration. He died on the 8th day of January, 1823, in the prime of his manhood, deeply lamented throughout the State.

Col. John J. Hardin was born in Frankfort, Ky., on the 6th of January, 1810, and was 13 years of age at his father's death. His father left a large estate, the whole management of which devolved upon him, requiring great ability, energy and vigilance, all of which, though of very tender years, he brought to bear with great success.

Foreseeing the future destinies of our young State, and charmed with her beautiful prairies and rich scenery, he selected it as his home. He came to Jacksonville in the spring of 1830, not then twenty years of age. During that summer he built his law office, and in the fall returned to Kentucky. He was married in January 1831, and in the spring of the year, removed with his family to this place. Since that time, we are all familiar

with his auspicious career, his rapid rise in the affections and esteem of this community and this commonwealth. I need not state to you that he soon became eminent in his profession. Possessed of a classical education, of brilliant intellectual faculties, untiring in the prosecution of his studies, of settled business habits and a laudable ambition, his success was certain in a community which is ever ready to reward youthful merit. He very soon rose to the first rank in his profession, and secured a lucrative and honorable practice. He was familiarly versed in the reason and learning of the law, was a successful pleader, a safe counsellor, and as an advocate, without a superior in the State. We all recollect the great displays of his legal ingenuity, the power of his sarcasm, his inimitable wit, the originality of his manner, and his soul stirring eloquence. And while to his competitors, he was a powerful opponent, yet his uniform, courteous, manly and gentlemanly bearing, secured from the members of his profession, a warm respect and devoted friendship. And his numerous clients will do his memory the justice to say, that he was far from possessing a disposition to promote litigation and that he never attempted "to excite in them expectations which he had no hope of realizing."

The career of Col. Hardin in public life, was equally auspicious. He was three times successively elected to the Legislature by the people of Morgan county. By untiring industry, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the great subjects under deliberation, and by his readiness in debate and superior abilities, became at once prominent as a member of the Legislature, and rose to high esteem and consideration throughout the State. With the eye and forecast of a statesman he foresaw the effect upon the State, of the adoption of certain lines of policy, and opposed them with all the eloquence, energy, and ardor of his nature. It has been left to time and experience to test the correctness of his views.

In 1842, he was elected to Congress from this District, and though he served but one term, he acquitted himself with distinguished honor.—At the first entrance on the discharge of his duties, by a masterly and eloquent defence of the Christian religion, upon the question of electing a Chaplain, he at once took a prominent stand in Congress, and maintained it with increasing

influence, until he voluntarily retired from his post. No man ever rose more rapidly in the public estimation in so brief a time. In that brief time, he carved for himself a name and a reputation throughout the Union. His speeches excited not only the greatest attention there, but the almost universal notice of the press, and were every where read and admired. His speech upon the subject of the improvement of the Western Rivers and Harbors, presented so many new facts, and the claims of the young and rising West, in so clear and comprehensive a manner as to arouse Congress, and the attention of all parties throughout the nation, to the importance of the subject. To other distinguished efforts of his, I will not now refer, because of their connection with the party politics of the country. This much I will say, that while his friends have recognized in them the enlightened views of the statesman, his political opponents are ready to award to them great ability, power and eloquence, and their author sincerity in his views, purity of motive and honesty of purpose. He was never unsuccessful before the people for any office for which he was a candidate. His great success in public life was owing to his discernment of the character of men, to the energies and ardor of his temperament, to the firmness of his opinions and his straight-forward frankness in their expression; these added to his great ability, his plain and agreeable manners, and an unblemished life and spotless name gave him a strong grasp upon the affections of his countrymen.—As a political opponent he was firm, noble, manly, never disguising his sentiments or avoiding the true issue; and when fighting with determined energy for every inch of contested ground, yet bearing no malice towards his political opponents.

As a speaker, he was always forcible—often eloquent—not in elegant and showy diction, but in the power of original, native thought, and of bold, sublime conception, and in the simple, soul-inspiring eloquence which rouses the hidden soul of sympathy, and forces the unbidden tear into the eye of sturdy manhood.—He was clear and comprehensive in thought and expression, happy in comparison, and if not graceful in delivery, yet highly original and attractive. His prominent forte in public speaking, consisted in a practical good sense, and in the endeavor to produce conviction rather than admiration. As a writer, he was

chaste and elegant, and has produced compositions which would do credit to the literature of the nation.

With the social character of Col. Hardin, most of you are familiar. If there was any thing for which he was truly remarkable, it was in the capacity to infuse life and animation, cheerfulness and joy, into the social circle. No circle in society, where he was present, ever lacked for entertainment and that cheerful enjoyment which drives the dull cares of life away. His generosity as a neighbor and a friend, his affable courtesy, and his noble and unbounded hospitality at his own dwelling, can never be forgotten by us. He was faithful in the discharge of his domestic duties. The evidences of his devotion to his aged mother, his beloved wife and children have ever been before us. Never was a nature more fitted for the enjoyment of the pleasures of home, more susceptible of deep and strong attachments, more adapted to the discharge of all duties of a kind father and devoted husband. And that parental attachment and conjugal tenderness reciprocated to their fullest extent, made his home the bright scene of domestic bliss and happiness.

Col. Hardin was a man of exalted purity of moral character; he had not a single vicious habit; he was the victim of no base appetite; he was incorruptible as an honest man; exemplary as a devoted and sincere christian. He was a regular attendant upon all his christian duties, and had a heart and hand open to the wants of the poor, and all the benevolent and christian enterprises of the day. If at any time he might seem to neglect the discharge of any duty, it was the result of another strong trait of character; the deep concentration, whole-souled energy, and singleness of purpose, which, for the time being, he devoted to the accomplishment of some particular object; for whether in the pursuit of professional, religious, political or military duties, to whatever he addressed himself, he brought uncommon force of character, firmness of purpose, and vigor of intellect, and prosecuted it for the time with all the energies of his nature. No difficulties or dangers could discourage or appal; nothing seemed to daunt the ardor of his pursuit. Those who have known him alone in the camp, on the march or the field, have been but partially prepared to appreciate him for all the noble traits of character, which fitted him to shine as an ornament of society in all its varied relations.

His military character was highly appreciated by his fellow citizens. In 1832, he was aid to the lamented Gov. Duncan, in the campaign of this State in defence of our frontier settlements against the attacks of the savages. In 1833, he volunteered as a private soldier in the Black Hawk war. He was Colonel, and afterwards Brigadier General of the Militia, which post he held at the beginning of this war. When our State was called upon for recruits, in the present war, he was the first to enroll his name; and that name was sufficient to rally around him the brave Volunteers of Illinois. Need I say he was brave? He could not be otherwise. The blood of a race of gallant men flowed in his veins. His courage was never doubted. He was the very soul of chivalry. On that fatal day in which he lost his life, he was conspicuous at the head of his command, waving his men on to the charge, and his voice was heard ringing clear and loud above the clash of arms and storm of battle, cheering on to victory. His regiment repulsed the enemy several times with great slaughter. The brave Bissell, who fought so gallantly by his side, says that Col. Hardin was in advance of him and McKee, in the last fatal charge, and that the enemy were receding when they were re-inforced by fresh legions. The testimony of all, officers and men, is, that his bravery can never be forgotten. Gen. Taylor has often been heard to speak of him as one on whom he could rely in any emergency.

There is a romantic and melancholy coincidence connected with the death of Cols. Hardin and McKee, which I shall mention: Colonel Samuel McKee, the father of the late Col. Wm. R. McKee, and Gen. M. D. Hardin, the father of the late Col. J. J. Hardin, were cotemporaries and partners in the practice of the law in Frankfort, Ky., and were very intimate friends; and their wives were the daughters of the two brave pioneers of Kentucky, (Logan and Robinson,) who fought side by side in many actions. Col. J. J. Hardin and Col. W. R. McKee, never met till they met at Saltillo. They were partners in the memorable battle of the 23d. They talked together just before they fell, and fell about the same moment, and not very far from each other. A correspondent thus speaks of them: "While this fierce conflict was going on, the main body of Col. Hardin's regiment moved to the right of the Kentuckians, and the represen-

tatives from each State seemed to vie with each other in the honorable ambition of doing the best service for their country. The veterans of Austerlitz, could not have exhibited more coolness, courage and devotion." Another says, "Col. Hardin met his death gloriously while conducting the last terrible charge. Col. McKee, after having gallantly sustained the honor of Kentucky, fell in the foremost rank, and Col. Clay was cut down almost at the same moment with Hardin and McKee, while giving his men the most brilliant example of heroic valor and lofty chivalry."

Thus, fellow citizens, I have given my views of the character of Col. Hardin. I have not aimed to speak the words of fulsome adulation; and the merit of candor will be allowed me, when I could not hope to deceive those who have known him as well as myself. I would add, that it is upon all his traits of character, as a whole, that we must contemplate Col. Hardin; for it was the combination of all, that made him a true, great and good man. The historian of Kentucky thus speaks of Col. John Hardin, his grandfather: "It was not that nature had distinguished him by the liberal gift of splendid qualities, but she had with the dexterous hand of care so mixed together the best elements in his temperament." So, may we not even say more of Col. J. J. Hardin, that while nature had endowed him with a powerful mind and brilliant faculties, yet, it was the happy commingling and blending of all that formed his, in many respects, model character.

I have thus, fellow citizens, spoken of Col. Hardin, not because he fought more bravely than the gallant officers and soldiers of his regiment. Ah no! brave Zabriskie, Houghton, Elkin, Emerson, Connaught and the other fallen, they were there; they bled with him and mingled their blood in the same warm current where his freely flowed, and the living too, (and never went forth a braver band of men to share the perils of war or to reap the laurels of victory,) they were all around him.

"Each noble heart beat high,
As sworn to conquer or to die,
They rushed to victory."

I speak of him because they loved him most, and made him first; he was their chosen leader, and never did gallent men have a braver or better leader. I speak of him, because all lov-

ed him dearly, because as a public and private man, as neighbor, friend, husband, father, Christian—he was all the heart could desire. I speak of him, because the hearts of this community are linked to him by the cords of a deathless affection, and because in his death the State and Nation have sustained an irreparable loss. And notwithstanding, the voice of mourning is often hushed amid the acclaim of victory, yet, this State and Nation shall lament with a holy sorrow, the death of our beloved Hardin. Ah! how vividly do we recollect all those noble traits of his character, which in all the relations of public and private life, made him so much esteemed. No stain of reproach, no suspicion of falsehood, no taint of dishonor attaches to his glorious name. We all recollect the brilliant sallies of his wit, the glowing strains of his eloquence; how, as of yesterday, he stood before us in the pride of his strong intellect and vigorous manhood; how his joyous countenance lit up our circles. His faculties were still maturing and ripening, fame was wreathing the brightest garland for his brow, and the most brilliant prospects blazed in the future. But Hardin! the name so often named by us, is no more! The eloquent tongue is silent, the heart which beat in unison with the loftiest and most honorable emotions, is silent in death. That once manly form lies powerless and pulseless before us. Never more shall his footsteps be heard along that threshold. Never more shall his gladdening voice ring through those once happy halls. Never again shall he revisit the scenes of so many bright and happy years, nor listen to the kind words of an aged mother, devoted wife and affectionate children.

“ Alas nor wife, nor children—more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home.”

In the glory of his years, the vigor of his intellect, the flower of his manhood, he has gone to that unseen world, where the sound of battle never comes and the tread of armies is never heard.

If anything can soften the grief of the sad bereavement, it is that his is the grave of glory. When addressing the people and calling for volunteers, he said, “ Come go with me; as to danger, I will never ask you to go where I am unwilling to lead.” True to that promise, he fell in the front, in the hottest, the thickest of the fight. He died for his country, grappling with the foe.

amid the roar of cannon, the rustling of banners and the tramp of rushing columns, the bravest of the brave, "his back to the field, his front to the foe." Thus passed from time to eternity the deathless spirit of John J. Hardin. His fame is his country's. If Quebec had her Montgomery, Bunker Hill her Warren, then Buena Vista has had her Hardin. Ah! the school boy who shall read the page of American History, shall find his name recorded there, one of "the immortal names not born to die." **BELOVED HARDIN!**

"The patriot in his council Hall,
The soldier at his fortress wall,
The brave, the lovely and the free,
Shall offer up their prayers for thee."

How shall I refer to the bereaved widow and orphan children! Ah! who shall supply the place of the most devoted husband, the kindest father? May they find some consolation in the fact that the tears of thousands now present, and of the State and Nation, mingle with theirs. While this earth cannot supply the place of the departed one, yet they shall not be alone. All over this land shall his children find brothers and fathers. The name of the father shall be the talisman for their protection. They are the children of the commonwealth.

It is meet that his remains should be brought back to his beloved home and deposited beneath the prairie turf, in the land and among those he loved, that in time to come the living may repair to the sacred spot, to shed the tear of affectionate remembrance.

Kentucky! glorious Kentucky! land of patriots, heroes and statesmen! renowned land of deeds of lofty chivalry! home of unbounded hospitality, noble sentiments and holy sympathies. Kentucky, true to herself and to her sons, has besought the privilege of interring his remains in the same soil, with those of the gallant McKee and Clay, and by the side of his illustrious fathers; and of erecting a monument to his memory. But while we appreciate this noble tribute of a noble State, yet the request cannot be granted. This is the State of his love, the State illustrated by his fame,—living his home, dying let be his grave. Gloriously falling amid her chivalry, that chivalry shall guard his name and fame. While to Kentucky, and to the whole country belong his fame, to Illinois it is her deathless, priceless heritage.

There is another relation which Col. Hardin sustained to a large portion of this audience, to which I cannot omit to refer, without doing injustice to his memory. Brethren of the Masonic Fraternity: Col. Hardin was a Master Mason and sustained to all and each, the relation of a brother. At his request, we are here to perform the last sad ceremonies over his remains. A short time before he left for Mexico, he was admitted into our ancient and honored brother-hood; and he became devotedly and enthusiastically attached to our order. Those pure and heaven-born principles which had secured the warm admiration of a Washington, a Lafayette, a Montgomery, a Warren, a Jackson, and a host of the good and great of every age and clime, could not fail to enlist the devotions of his pure and ardent nature. He could not fail to be attached to an institution which, not for years or centuries only, but for age succeeding age, while empires have waned and human institutions have passed away on the deluge flood of earthly grandeur, ever rolling onward to the ocean of eternity, has stood, and still, unscathed by the lightning of persecution, stands now, as in all ages past, the teacher of wisdom, the champion of truth, the patron of virtue and the great promoter of friendship, and brotherly love. Whose silent charity from age to age has relieved the distressed, ministered to the afflicted, bound up the broken heart, wiped away the tear of the fatherless and made the widow's heart to leap for joy. I have been told, Brethren, by the venerable mother of Col. Hardin, that he was always impressed with the belief that he would never attain to the age of 40 years, and there are numerous evidences that when he left for Mexico, he had many misgivings as to the fate which awaited him. And do you doubt that often on the march and in the camp, when visions of home with all the tender recollections of wife, children and friends, clustered around him, and he contemplated the contingency of his fall, that he found much of consolation in our order. There was consolation in the reflection, that if helpless loneliness should ever prove the fate of those he loved; if friends who gather around in the sunshine of prosperity should desert in the hour of sorrow; if poverty or misfortune should overtake; or if enemies should seek to blast or oppress, that then by voices unheard and hands unseen save by God himself, would the cries of the orphan be soothed and protection afforded them in the hour of their calamity.

Brethren, we are taught by the noble teachings and mysteries of our order, to learn from an occasion so melancholy as the present, that the desolation which we now mourn, will sooner or later be the fate of each and all of us. The event in all its circumstances and associations is calculated feelingly to remind us, "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue." It is not for us to mourn for Hardin. If a life of stainless conduct, exalted virtue and of exemplary christian devotion shall have its reward, then he needs not our lamentations. Be ours the duty to practice and cherish the memory of the manly virtues of our deceased brother. And as the last sad act of our fraternal love, we will plant the loved Cassia in his grave, the bright emblem of the resurrection, when his once manly form, now cold and silent, shall rise in the freshness of immortal youth and unfading beauty.

After Mr. Yates had concluded, the Rev. ANDREW TODD arose and pronounced in a voice of unusual clearness and power, the funeral discourse. As the Rev. speaker went on to unfold in a strain of great strength, beauty and pathos, the moral, social and christian characteristics and excellencies of the deceased, the honest tear of sympathy stole down many a swarthy—war-worn cheek, attesting, with an eloquence which no words could express, how truthful and exact was the delineation.

Of the bereaved widow and family, we may not speak.—Their's is that intense, sacred sorrow of the soul, which no human solace can assuage; which no voice of formal sympathy from the world should dare to invade.

He alone, "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," can bathe those bleeding hearts in streams of celestial love, woo away their thoughts from earth, and shelter those defenceless ones within the encircling arms of that father's God. We can only assure them, that the fame and the memory of him who sleeps his last sleep in the stillness of yonder grove, are not more tenderly cherished by this people, than are our earnest and tenderest regards for those dear ones whom he has left behind.

After the sermon was concluded, the burial procession was organized in the following order, a scheme of which has been politely furnished us by the Grand Marshal:

Order of Procession.

1. Hardin Light Infantry,
2. Governor and suit,
3. Illinois State Convention,
4. Judges and Bar,
5. Trustees and Faculty of Illinois College,
6. Medical Faculty,
7. Fire Company,
8. Clergy,
9. Masonic fraternity,
10. Funeral Car with Pall Bearers, horse and servant of
Col. Hardin,
11. Family and relatives of the deceased,
12. First Regiment of Volunteers,
13. Citizens on foot,
14. Citizens in Carriages,
15. Citizens on horseback.

In this imposing array, the procession moved out from the Mansion of Col. Hardin to State street, then down State street to the Public square, thence round the square to Beardstown street on the North, thence to the lane running East, and thence to the grave. The slow, regular, measured step adopted for the march, was peculiarly fitted for the occasion, and most impressive to the beholders.

To Maj. I. R. Simms, the Grand Marshal of the day, and his Aids, too much praise can hardly be awarded, for their untiring zeal and efficiency, in conducting to a happy and orderly termination the details of their somewhat complicated though excellent programme. Notwithstanding the procession was nearly a mile and a quarter in length, we neither saw or heard of any occurrence tending in the least to mar or interrupt the order and harmony of the whole. The "HARDIN LIGHT INFANTRY," an independent company from Springfield, under their accomplished commander, Capt. Fisher, added much to the interest of the day, and won for themselves, by their admirable discipline, and soldierly bearing, the admiration of all. This company was organized and titled in honor of the lamented officer whose worthy name it bears; they will seek in vain for an example more worthy of their imitation.

We, in common with all whom we have heard speak on the subject, were particularly gratified with the course pursued by the CONVENTION at Springfield, in voting to adjourn, and unite with us on this mournful occasion. We have rarely beheld convened

in this State, a more calm, dignified looking body of men, and we think the State expects, and has a right to expect great things of them. We trust they will not disappoint us.

With their usual promptness and determination, our enterprising FIRE COMPANY, under the guidance of their efficient Foreman, I. S. Hicks, turned out in force, and joined in the procession, with their beautiful banner, making a very handsome appearance. We are always glad to make honorable mention of this organization of our fellow citizens; their alacrity and self-denial in being always prepared to contend with the devouring element, and secure the property of our people from destruction, is worthy of all praise.

It may not be known to all, that Col. Hardin, a short time previous to his departure for Mexico, assumed the mystic vows and was regularly inducted into the ancient and honorable Brotherhood of Free Masons and became a worthy member of that Order. The burial services were therefore conducted by that Fraternity, in accordance with the sublime symbols and solemn mysteries of the Masonic ritual. The display of the Order, draped in their magnificent regalia, and characterized by their glittering symbols of office, formed the most splendid appearance in the mournful pageant of the day. From this body, five, viz: Levi Lusk, H. G. M., Cyrus Edwards, ———; G. T. Brown, S. M.; ——— Bradford, S. M.; and ——— Souther, P. M., were chosen, together with five from the military, namely, Col. Baker, Col. Weatherford, Col. Foreman, Lt. Col. Warren, and Maj. Richardson, to act as Pall Bearers.

The returning volunteers of the 1st Illinois Regiment, under the temporary command of Capt. J. L. McConnel, were paraded into line in handsome style, and evinced by the ease of their evolutions, and precision of drill, that a year of experience in an enemy's country, had familiarized them fully with a soldier's duties.

To the WINCHESTER BAND, and their proficient leader, Mr. Holsomer, we return in behalf of our own citizens, and all who were present, our acknowledgments for some of the most beautiful and appropriate music we ever heard. The dirge composed for the occasion by Mr. Holsomer, and performed by the Band while the procession was slowly winding around the square, fell

upon our ear with a wailing requiem of dirge-like melody, impressive and solemn beyond description. May a brighter and more cheering minstrelsy warble along their pathway through life, and when at last the lyre of life shall fall broken and tuneless to the earth, may they sink into the spirit-land, like Mozart of old, amid the lingering soprano of their own noble dirge.

Well, our tale is told. The dead is buried! The hum of the receding multitude has died away over the echoing prairies; stillness reigns around the tomb of the chivalric HARDIN; the boom of artillery is hushed to the low wail of the rocking winds. The morning light will kiss the dew from the waving grass and tender flowers which bloom above his head; the dying smile of evening will linger fainter and fainter till the glooms of night overshadow the reposing hero; and thus will it be evermore, till the darkening sun, the reeling stars, and the crumbling earth, announce that time shall be no more.

We cannot more appropriately conclude this description of the sad pageant of Wednesday, than by introducing here the following lines, written some years since by Col. Hardin himself, while in Washington city, and enclosed in a letter to his wife. They are replete with the most touching eloquence

Bury me not when I am dead,
Amidst the city's glare,—
Where careless, thoughtless mortals tread,
And wealth and misery are wed;
Oh! bury me not there.

Bury me not, when I'm no more,
High on a mountain bare,—
Where nought but eagles o'er it soar,—
And storms and tempests round it roar,
Oh! bury me not there.

Bury me not, when I'm at rest,
Where martial penons glare,—
For empty show and gorgeous crest
Can never soothe an icy breast;
Then bury me not there.

Bury me not, when I shall sleep,
By ocean's rocky lair;
Where winds and waves their vigils keep,
And ever moans the restless deep,—
Oh! bury me not there.

Bury me not when I am gone,
In boundless prairies, where,
The buried dead are left alone,
Unmarked save by a cold grave stone,—
Oh bury me not there.

But bury me when I shall die,
'Midst woods and flowers rare;
When o'er my grave the winds may sigh,
The birds may sing, and friends are nigh,
Oh! bury me then there.

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